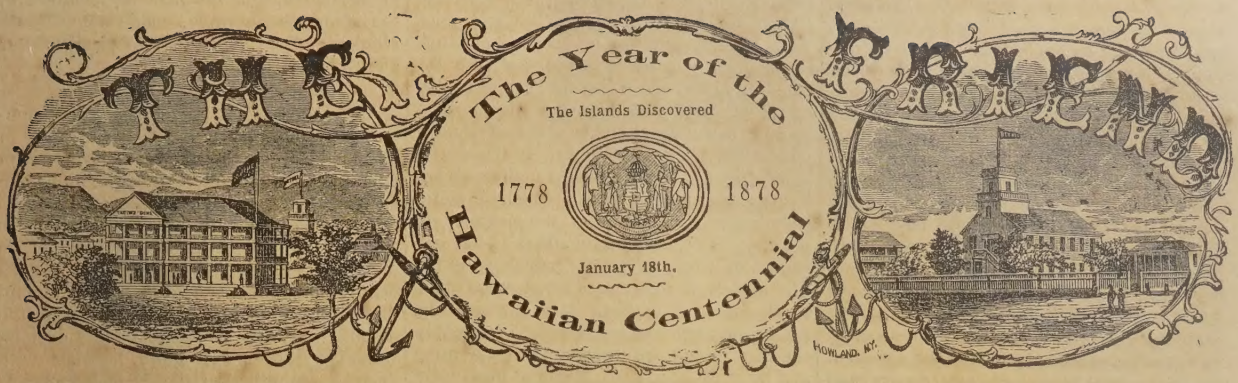

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THE FRIEND.

DECEMBER 2, 1878.

End of the Thirty-fifth Volume.—With this number, we close another year of the Friend. As our subscribers have enjoyed the reading of our little sheet for the past twelve months, we would respectfully request that they promptly settle their bills when presented by the carrier or through the mail. If any errors are made in making out the same, they will be immediately corrected when made known to the publisher. Another volume will commence January 1st, 1879.—We wish you all a Merry Christmas.

Meeting of the American Board of Missions.—The Annual Meeting of the Board took place this year at the beautiful city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on Lake Michigan. This is one of the most elegant cities of the West, containing 125,000 inhabitants. The friends of Missions from various parts of the country were most royally welcomed and entertained during the meeting. We find full reports of the meeting in the various religious papers, while that of the *Advance* now lies before us. We have read with interest the able Report of Dr. Clark on "The Gospel in the Ottoman Empire."—The Annual Sermon was preached by Dr. H. H. Jerrup, Beyrout, Syria, in place of Dr. Manning, of Boston, who was detained away by sickness. The receipts of the Board during the year were $482,204,73, while the expenditures of the Board amounted to $438,787,04. Besides, after carrying forward the extensive operations, the society has paid off a debt of $47,000. We regret our limits will not allow us to give the report, in full, of the Board's Annual Meeting and operations.

Professor Hjalmar Boyesen, of Cornell University.

Our Berlin correspondent thus alludes to this distinguished professor, under date of October 6th:

"Since returning to Berlin I have met most pleasantly young Prof. Hjalmar Boyesen, professor at Cornell and the well known novelist and author, and his beautiful young bride from New York. He has achieved a most remarkable literary reputation for a young man. He is a Norwegian only thirty years of age; came to America when he was twenty, and two years afterwards wrote in the most beautiful English a novel of Norwegian life,—Gunnar,—which has had a wide popularity. He has written much since. A work of his on Goethe and Schiller is shortly to appear. Notice a novel of his 'Falconberg' now appearing in 'Scribner's.' He is now traveling—writing up the European Universities for 'Scribner's.' His first article will be on the Berlin University. His early home was on the Logne Fjord, near Bergen. It has been most pleasant for me to talk with him about Norway."

Dean Stanley, now traveling in the United States, formerly remarked "in an address at the unveiling of the Bunyan statue, that there were only two prose works of universal popularity in all English literature, the Pilgrim's Progress, written by a Baptist preacher, a Nonconformist, and Robinson Crusoe, by a Presbyterian journalist, and a Dissenter. Macauley said that the seventeenth century produced only two men of original genius, John Milton and John Bunyan."

Rev. W. Frear, Pastor of Fort Street Church, returned from a visit to the Eastern States by the last month's steamer from San Francisco. He has resumed his pastoral duties with renewed health.

☞ It is said that within the last year Queen Victoria has given $25,000 to the temperance cause.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 23

A Few Weeks in Scandinavia—No. 2.

August 15th.—Copenhagen strikes the visitor at first sight most pleasantly. It is a bright, animated city lying on the Island of Zealand, on the Sound, which at this point forms a fine harbor. In Danish the capital is written thus, Kjobenhaun. Owing to its fine situation, it has long been a great commercial town, its history running back through centuries. It would be scarcely possible here to enter into anything like an account of its varied history, but will mention in passing two events in its later history from which the capital suffered most severely. The city was bombarded by the English fleet in 1807 and greatly injured. The Danish fleet was also captured by the English, a loss which was a great impediment to the progress of Denmark. Now, however, the city is in a flourishing condition, and presents a fine appearance. The street running from our hotel brought us directly to the largest public place of the city, Kongens Nytoro. It is a splendid open Place, with streets running from it in all directions, and surrounded by hotels, public buildings, stores, etc. In the center is a little grove of trees, and groups of shrubs and flowers, surrounding an equestrian statue of Christian V. Here is also the beautiful Royal Theater, with its fine bronze statues. Proceeding farther, we came to the noble building, the Palace of Christiansborg, properly the Royal Palace of Denmark, though the King now resides in the Palace Amalienborg, in another part of the city. The Crown Prince lives in a palace near his father. The Rosenborg is still another Royal Palace, surrounded by a most beautiful park. The King and Queen were visiting their daughter, the Princess of Wales, in the Isle of Wight, just at the time we chanced to be in Copenhagen, so that we did not get a sight at them. Passing palaces, statues, along the canal, which runs up into the town, my walk brought me to the market, where the people were busily at work. The women all wear handkerchiefs over their heads and knotted under the chin. This seems to be the universal custom for working women in Scandanavia, and sometimes it has a very picturesque effect. They are generally of black silk, sometimes of colored silk or cloth. One

could hardly ask for a trimmer, neater sight than that which a rosy-faced, modest-eyed northern girl offers, looking out from this simple black head-dress, which shows off nicely by contrast with the smoothly brushed brown or blond hair. One should never fail to visit the markets in coming to Europe. In coming to a new city the market is one of the first places to which I go. Here you see more of the *people* than you can in any other place in the city. All are busily talking and bargaining. Ladies come with their servants to make purchases, and country men and women jostle them in the most pleasantly unceremonious manner. The strawberry season is a delightful time to be in Copenhagen. The fruit is brought in great quantities from the neighboring country, and Copenhagen "strawberries and cream" are famous.

THE THORVALDSEN MUSEUM.

Never have I been so impressed with the power which one master mind, one great creative imagination, may exert over a city and people as I have been in seeing something of the influence of the greatest sculptor of modern times, Thorvaldsen, in the city where he lies buried. To-day the chief glory of Copenhagen are the noble sculptures which he left as a heritage to the city which loved and still loves to do him honor. The Museum, where most of his works are deposited, is one of the most interesting places in Europe. It is at once the treasure-house of his works and the tomb of the sculptor. It is a low building, two stories only in hight, encircling a court, where is the grave of Thorvaldsen. The building is itself in the style of an ancient tomb, ornamented with frescoes in dark colors on a deep yellow background. In the court in the center is the grave of the sculptor. It is a most singularly impressive spot. The grave is overgrown with ivy and unmarked by any stone. There is no need of any epitaph. The encircling rooms, with their treasures, the fruits of his genius, speak his praise as no human words could do. Above is the blue dome of the northern sky, about him the solemn walls of the tomb, over him the mantle of clustering ivy. Thorvaldsen died in 1844, then an old man, honored and revered by the Danish nation and the world, and in Copenhagen watched over and cherished by King and people as few men have been in our own or any other day. It would be impossible here to give an account of the treasures which are here to be found. The first floor of the Museum is entirely devoted to his works, in marble or plaster. No other rival hand is here to contend with his, if, indeed, one could be found so bold. Here the master reigns supreme. You pass through room after room devoted to his works. Here are the originals of so many of those exquisite statues and medallions with which the world has grown so familiar. He seems to have spiritualized Greek thought with a power which, to me, was most striking. His many Homeric studies are beautiful beyond words. Here you see the originals of those works which have found a place in so many thousands of homes. I can remember them as a boy in our far-away Islands. "Night," with the dreaminess and hush of the "still-watches" over it; "Morning," with the freshness of the day-spring, the scattered flowers, and the awakening to life and hope. Then here, too, are the "Seasons," of which I remember "Autumn" especially with the standing grain. You see the copies of his grand "Christ" and the "Apostles," which stand in one of the churches of the city, and of which I shall speak presently. In the second story of the Museum are works of the sculptor, but especially the pictures which formerly belonged to him, and now the property of the city. I was especially struck by the collection of works in plaster, which were the first models of the statues which were afterwards carved in marble. It was fascinating, feeling that you had here before you tangibly the first thought as it came from the mind and heart of the artist. Some of them were rough and jagged, fashioned roughly, with the quickness of inspiration. But how intensely suggestive! It was the materialization of imagination, the expression of the artist's dreams in form! One or two rooms are devoted to relics of this sculptor—articles which he had used; pictures of his home-life; his books; Homer in many languages; the last works upon which he had been engaged. On the last day of his life, I think, he busied himself with the bust of Luther, which he never completed. It is pleasant to think that such a grand hand was occupied with such a grand work. His death came suddenly and unexpectedly. He had gone one evening to the opera or theater, and sat quietly waiting for the beginning of the play, and suddenly, so quietly that those sitting near thought he had fainted, the great heart ceased to beat, and the artist's work for this world was done. The music ceased and all over the house echoed the cry, "Thorvaldsen is dead." In his death he has been honored as in his life, and other generations will but add to the laurels with which he has already been crowned. Never can one feel the fullness of a genuine enthusiasm for him until he visits the city where he lived, labored, and died. One cannot go out into life again, after having gazed in earnestness upon some of his grander works, without feeling that he has been lifted into a nobler, purer atmosphere.

Not far away from the Museum stands the old palace of the Crown Prince, containing various collections, all of them valuable; one, however, especially worthy of note, the finest of its kind in the world, the "Museum of Northern Antiquities," a place where one might occupy himself for days with profit. The collections run far back into prehistoric times, to the ancient people who lived in the North, especially in Denmark, and embraces the Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron Periods, and the Middle Age and Renaissance epochs. For a traveler and student in this part of the world, they are of immense importance. Here you see the first dawn of civilization, taken by these rough stone instruments, to a time of which otherwise we know nothing. Here are mysterious stones with their "runes" and inscriptions; articles recalling the wild, fierce days of the Vikings; relics from Pagan and early Christian days—a strangely suggestive collection. The old palace encircles quiet courts with shadowy trees. One I noticed, a fruited mulberry tree, almost looked in at the window, where some of these reminders of a vanished past are gathered, and the flooding sunlight of the summer's morning, made them seem strangely ghostly and out of place in our day.

A DANISH FETE.

The Danes seem as fond of out-door summer amusements as the Germans, and in Stockholm it is quite the same thing. On summer evenings the city seems to be one succession of crowded, illuminated gardens with bands of music. In Norway, this is less the case. Here in Copenhagen there is a garden famous all over Europe for its beauty and attractiveness, *Tivoli*, where all Copenhagen, old and young, resort in the summer. We were fortunate this evening in seeing it in its full glory, together with such a gathering of the Danish people as is rarely seen. It was the thirty-fifth anniversary in the history of the garden, and those who have it in charge did everything in their power to celebrate the day in as brilliant a manner as possible. It was really very fine, the illuminations being something beyond my poor powers of description. We went just a little while before sunset, in order to see as much as possible. The gardens lie within easy reach of the town, and the entrance fee is so moderate that all classes can afford to go, so that it is peculiarly a garden for the people. These gardens, so common in Europe, are almost unknown in America. When rightly managed they can be made most useful for the middle and working classes. Here families meet after the work of the day, little social groups gather quietly about their coffee, or beer, or ices; and under the trees and amid the perfume of flowers in soft, beautiful summer evenings, listen to the music of the bands. It is a most healthful, simple and rational recreation and amusement. But to this particular evening. When we arrived, early as it was, crowds had already begun to gather. Towards the close of the evening there must have been thousands of people in the gardens. It was a little Denmark, all ranks and classes, merchants, soldiers, professional men, peasants, the women with their trim head-dresses, little family groups, the parents leading the children, all ages, all manner of dresses, all full of merriment and enjoyment. It was one of the happiest, quietest crowds I ever saw. The gardens are arranged in exquisite taste, with ponds of water, lovely arbors, buried half out of sight by clustering vines, with brilliant groupings of flowers and shrubbery on smooth, shorn lawns. As the sunlight faded away, and the throng began to increase, the lights and transparencies appeared on all sides. It is no mere use of hackneyed words to speak of it as an enchanted, a fairy-land. It was so, if all that human art, united with the loveliness of nature, can produce effects worthy of such names. There was an artistic refinement, a blending of brilliancy with a delicate perception of the harmonies of light and color, such as I have never seen in my life before. It was a radiant world of jeweled and fiery gleams, the brief but perfect representation of some dream of Oriental splendor. I should not venture to say how many lights there were, thousands, perhaps tens of thousands. In the shadows of the trees, in the topmost boughs, hung globe-shaped lanterns of different colors, looking like great, glorious blos-

soms. The flower-beds were thickly sown with colored lights. Over the great groupings of flowers on the lawns were placed reflectors with lights hidden within, which illuminated the brilliant blossoming beds. On the lake floated a ship of flame, being perfectly formed of colored lights. Long avenues of arches hung with lights in red, in blue, in green, in white, stretched away in all directions. A "Labyrinth," one of the sights of the garden, where you may, in broad day-light, wander long in vain, seeking some clue to its windings through the leafy arbors, became doubly mysterious at night. At every turn, long vistas of gas jets, stretching off endlessly, faced you. Revolving lights, melting from blue to purple, to crimson, to yellow, met and dazzled you. At one point, the wonderful whiteness of the electric light, of which, just now, so much is being said, illuminated the faces of the crowd beneath. A great palace-like building, with fantastic architecture, flashed out into the night, from base to roof, one mass of colored light. Here too, but it were useless to weary you with mere words which can convey so little idea of the reality. Towards the close of the evening, there was, to all this added, a display of fireworks, of the finest and most brilliant kind. There was enough to entertain the people; shows, pantomimes, and music of all kinds. In one part of the garden they were amusing themselves with a wild kind of sport. The first time you engage in it with something of fear and trembling, certainly with some curiosity to know how it will turn out. I never saw it anywhere but here in Denmark. Great wooden buildings are constructed with towers at either end, between them pass a bridge, as it were, of wood, made with elevations and depressions all along its length. You take your seat with some friend in a car or carriage, at one of the towers, sitting securely and comfortably, a man, standing behind, gives your car a push and off you go over the undulating track, which is laid with rails. Nothing could be wilder or more exciting. You go like the wind, out into space, you scarcely know where; now up, now down, whirling away as if some wild spirit were drawing you. Then almost before you have time to think, your carriage stops peacefully in the opposite tower, and your wild "Tam O'Shanter" ride is over. We went once, then again, and I don't know when we should have stopped, if there had not been so much else to see. From the crowds that kept going all the evening, I should judge it was a very favorite pastime here. You might have had your pick of music at this Tivoli Fete. Bands were playing on all sides, some discoursing most excellent music. In a crowded pavilion, Edward Strauss, from Vienna, was leading the orchestra; filling the air with the brilliant melodies which he and his brother have sent all over the world. But now we must be getting home for to-morrow, we have something very pleasant in view, namely:

AN EXCURSION TO THE CASTLE OF ELSINORE.

August 16th. If you are in an incredulous frame of mind this lovely, sun-lit morning, I can scarcely think you will wish to accompany us on the trip which we take to-day. If on the contrary you are ready to believe all things, or at least are willing to put something of a solid foundation beneath the creations of a poet's brain, then come with us to the old Castle of Elsinore, where we wish to believe the Melancholy Dane, Prince Hamlet, once lived. I rather like the naive way in which my German Guide Book puts it, "If ever there existed a Prince Hamlet, outside of the poet's imagination, he lived in Jütland and died and is buried there." We will not stop to think now what historical sources, or authority Shakespeare had for his immortal play, but leave this to the commentators and critics, satisfying ourselves with the pleasant thought that in some inexplicable way legend or tradition has associated Hamlet's name with this old castle by the sea. There are two ways of reaching the castle which lies about two hours from Copenhagen, either by boat or rail. We were obliged owing to the lateness of the hour in the morning, to take the latter, though the sail up the sound along the green shore of Denmark in summer time, is very delightful. Our way lay through pleasant, farming lands, very fertile in this region, diversified by wood-land. Several Royal residences lie not far away from the road, said to be well worth the visit if one has the time. But our thoughts were rather with royal Ghosts of the past than living realities.

The little town of Helsingoer, as it is called in Danish, lies directly on the sea. Here we had our dinner and discussed Shakespearian characters. The town itself is a queer little place, with narrow streets, and has an eminently plain and proper book.

The castle lies just beyond the town on a little point, bending out towards the sea. You reach it by a shadowy, tree covered avenue, with a great plain on one side, where on the day of our visit a company of Danish soldiers were engaged in target practice, having their white tents pitched on the green turf. You pass the draw-bridge and double moat and pass, then the gate, with no one to impede your way. A Danish soldier paces before the entrance, but has no word for us. The castle was built some centuries since; is a fine large building with towers and turrets, surrounding a large paved court. It appears now to be used by the Government for soldiers—barracks, soldiers were to be seen on every hand. There is a legend connected with the place, namely, that the deliverer of Denmark sleeps beneath the castle and in the time of Denmark's need will arise in her defense. Before the castle, which by the way is splendidly placed at the entrance to the sound, is a grassy platform reaching nearly from the castle to the sea whereon cannon are planted. And now let us give free play to our imagination, we will live the grand old play over again. How wonderfully every scene fits! Certainly the coincidences of the poet's fancy and the bare realities we have about us are striking. We sit down on the grassy platform, grown sear and withered under the August sun. Our little volume of "Hamlet" seems almost to open of itself. Here is Elsinore, here is a platform before the castle. Here, certainly (away with unbelief) it must have been that the uneasy spirit of the murdered king walking.

"In the dead vast and middle of the night,"

—unfolded to the awestruck prince the mystery of his death and roused the son's heart to avenge the Father's wrong. If it all seems so real here under the genial summer sunlight, how much more so must it seem in winter's midnight, in the "nipping and eager air," with the wind blowing fiercely down from the channel of the north, and the storm clouds driving over head. A little old lady, a most praiseworthy guide who doesn't distract us with too many remarks comes to show us over the few rooms of the castle, which are shown to visitors. There are a number of them filled with remarkably poor pictures, but the rooms themselves are interesting, or the indescribable spell which in some way seems to hover over this place renders them so. Here is a charming little room in one of the towers, looking off to the sea. Here are rooms and apartments enough for all the lords and ladies of the Danish Court of the past or present. The Knight's Hall which still retains some faded traces of its former splendor, was just the place for the players to perform in before the guilty King and Queen. At one end fancy the mimic stage, facing it the Royal Company. Here at this side Hamlet lying at Ophelia's feet; beyond in this narrow passage, poor old inquisitive Polonius may have fallen stabbed behind the arras. How it brings them all back, the villain King, stained with his brother's blood, bearing about under the purple, the sting of an endless remorse, the sinning Queen, forced to read her sin in her son's words of accusation and up-braiding—*Hamlet*, "th' expectancy and rose of the fair state;" *Ophelia*, with her garlands of flowers and plaintive mad songs: "*Polonius, Laertes, Horatio, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern.*"

We go across the court to the castle chapel which is interesting for its carved woodwork, elaborately and oddly colored in various shades. Beyond this is the long stair-case when we ascend to the lofty tower. The view from this height is especially fine. On one side the mainland of Denmark green and fair, with rising wooded land, dotted with houses, and great windmills stretching their awkward, useful arms out into the air. On the other the bright glittering sweep of the sea, and just beyond the Swedish coast with the Swedish town of Helsinborg. Here the two countries come very near together. Hundreds and thousands of ships pass here, and at times the sound is all alive with sails. My practical friend is very patient with my mania for procuring souvenirs. But I really must have some sprays from the willows by the moat. Do you remember when the Queen says:

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream," etc.

At least no one can complain if I do gather a few. I was shown in Wittenberg the house where Hamlet is said to have lodged when he was attending the University there. But here at Helsingoer they surpass that. You pay a fee to go and see Hamlet's grave! I wonder that no one keeps the *ghost* of Hamlet's father on exhibition. The "grave" is marked by a circular heaps of stones, from which rises a stone shaft of a few feet in height. You are paid for your visit to the grave, for the view from the terrace where it lies over the sea, is fine.

On our return to the town we passed an old church-yard where the ghastly jokes of the clowns—would have fitted well, and hurried down to the railway. "Till Kjobenhavn," shouts the conductor, the car doors are closed, and we are whirled off in the night to the Capital, leaving the old castle to its dreams.

A SUNDAY IN DENMARK.

August 18. The Church of Scandinavia is Lutheran, and the people are eminently church-goers. You find the churches crowded. At another time I may be able to write something in reference to the forms and ceremonials, etc., but now I must speak in a very few words of a church where we have attended service this morning. It is the principal church of the city, and we found it crowded. The service was long, the music fine—some of the responses, chanted by the choir were beautifully rendered. The clergyman wore a black gown with wide, full ruff. He spoke with great energy, but unfortunately in a strange tongue to us. The church itself is no way striking,—quiet and simple and appropriate. But here are placed some of the finest works by the master-hand of Thorwaldsen. They are alone worth a visit to the city. On the porch of the church is his marble freize, "John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness," near the entrance bas-reliefs, "Charity" and the "Guardian Angel," high above the altar "Christ on the way to the Crucifixion, and in side chapels "The Baptism of Christ" and the "Sacrament," all of these are most beautiful. But the chief interest centers about the grand and impressive figure of "The Risen Christ," which occupies the place where generally the altar picture is placed. I know of nothing in all the range of Christian art so noble, so marked by power and dignity, and yet so wondrously tender and beautiful as this. Looking from the body of the church the effect is striking. The grand figure stands, raised above the hushed multitude, the hands outstretched as if in blessing, the head bending slightly downwards. The long flowing hair falls in ample fullness on the shoulders. Over one shoulder and the body hang the graceful draperies of a mantel or robe, falling away from the pierced side. The marble seems animated by a kingly, a divine presence, the lips may at any moment part in benediction. It were indeed worth a life-time of artistic effort to leave to the world one such glorious, inspiring work as this. On the sides of the church are statutes of the Apostles in white marble, all of heroic size, so that you look down through the vista formed by these splendid figures to the "Christ" beyond. The statute of John is especially striking, with inspired and upturned face, on which seems reflected the radiance of the heavenly vision. * * * *

FRANK WILLIAMS DAMON.

☞ The new method of instruction in the Boston Primary Schools does away with the formal study of grammar; lessons in composition, in the use of capitals, in letter writing, and in the arrangement of sentences will take its place.

Japan.

We have received an interesting letter from the Rev. S. R. Brown, who has been a missionary in Japan for nineteen years. He refers to the rapid changes going forward in education, dress, habits, customs and religion. "Buddhism has been deserted by the Government as a national religion, receiving the support of the Mikado's government, but Shintoism, which is scarcely more than an indigeneous worship of ancestors, has been put in the place of the former established religion." Those who are interested in the work of mission, ought to look at the difficulties that lie in their way." * * "I will add that our Protestant Translation Committee have published about two-thirds of the Bible, and we hope in about twelve months to complete it."

We have also received a letter from Rev. O. H. Gulick, under date of July 27th, giving interesting account of his missionary work, but particularly of his editorial labors, in publishing a monthly, circulating 1,000 from Nagasaki on the South to Hakodadi on the North. Mr. Gulick adds:

"The Japanese Government now claims the Bonin Islands, of which many whaleships touched in former years, lying 600 or 700 miles S. E. from Yokohama. The Government has sent down a few settlers, and send a steamer down once in three months. Two sons of Mr. Webb, the one man on the Bonin Islands, who can read and write, have just come to Kobe, to be inmates of the household of Mr. Foss, our neighbor of the S. P. G. Society. The lads are 11 and 14 years of age. Bright and intelligent, speaking English well. They say all the children speak English and only English. The population is less than 100."

YALE COLLEGE.—The following correspondence recently took place between a Southern father and a gentleman of the faculty of Yale college. South Carolina,——

"Prof. ——: Dear Sir—My son informs me that he is obliged to sit next a negro day after day, which is highly disagreeable to him and offensive to me. Will you please provide some different arrangement? Yours, etc."

To which he received the following reply:

"Yale College, New Haven.——Esq., Dear Sir—Your favor is at hand. It is true that the students are arranged alphabetically for the present term, and a colored student has his place next your son. But, at the commencement of the next term, the arrangement will be in the order of scholarship, in which case the colored youth will be so near the head of the class, and your son, I regret to say, so near the other extremity, that there will be no further embarrassment on that score. Yours, etc.——" The speedy result was a note from a disgusted father, calling home a disgusted son.—*American Miscellany.*

FOLLOWING is President Hayes' proclamation, setting apart Thursday, the 28th ult., as a day of thanksgiving:

By the President of the United States—A Proclamation.—The recurrence of that season at which it is the habit of our people to make devout and public confession of their constant dependence upon Divine favor for all the good gifts of life and happiness, and of public peace and prosperity, exhibits in the record of the year abundant reasons for our gratitude and thanksgiving. Exuberant harvests, productive mines, ample crops of staples, the products of trade and manufactures, have enriched the country. The resources thus furnished to our reviving industry and expanding commerce, are hastening the day when discords and distresses through the length and breadth of the land will, under the continued favor of Providence, have given way to confidence and energy, and assured properity. Peace with all nations has remained unbroken, domestic tranquility has prevailed, and the institutions, liberty and justice, which the wisdom and virtue of our fathers established, remain the glory and defence of their children. The general prevalence of the blessings of health throughout our wide land has made more conspicuous the sufferings and sorrows which the dark shadow of pestilence has cast upon a portion of our people. This heavy affliction, even, the Divine ruler has tempered to suffering communities in the universal sympathy and succor which have flowed to their relief, and the whole nation may rejoice in the unity of spirit in our people, by which they cheerfully share one another's burdens.

Now, therefore, I, Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, do appoint Thursday, of November next, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and I earnestly recommend that, withdrawing themselves from secular cares and labors, the people of the United States do meet together on that day, in their respective places of worship, there to give thanks and praise to Almighty God for His mercies, and to devoutly beseech their continuance.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 30th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1878, and of the independence of the United States the 103d.

R. B. HAYES, President.

WM. M. EVARTS, Secretary of State.

A WEDDING IN OAKLAND.—The first wedding in the beautiful chapel of the First Congregational Church, of Oakland, took place on Friday, Oct. 25th. The happy pair were Russell Whitman, of this city, and Miss Laura A., daughter of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Merritt. The officiating clergymen were the father and Rev. D. McLean, pastor of the bride. The chapel was decorated in beautiful style. The ceremony was short if not perfect. At the close, the lady friends of the bride threw open some of the folding-doors, and the hundred guests or more were treated to ice-cream, lemonade, cake, and a merry, happy time. May blessings of courage, patience, and life-long happiness follow and rest upon the two who have commenced the long or short walk of life together.—J. H. W.—*Pacific, Oct.* 31.

☞ We would acknowledge "Necrological Report of Princeton Theological Seminary" for 1878; thirty-sixth Annual Report of Rush Medical College, Chicago; "American Clinical Lectures," from H. M. Lyman, M. D., Chicago;" Chiniquy's Lectures, delivered in Protestant Hall, Sydney; papers for distribution from the family of S. N. Castle, Esq.

NAVAL.—H. B. Majesty's screw corvette *Opal*, 19 days and 22 hours from Tahiti, arrived in port on Wednesday last. Her complement of officers and men is 275, tonnage 1,864, and horse power 350. The following is a list of her officers:

Captain.....Frederick C B Robinson
Lieutenants—J H Henderson, H Z Ross, T H S Robertson and A F Graves.
Nav. Lieutenant.....Geo S Ralph
Chaplain and Naval Instructor.....Rev F J Matthews
Staff Surgeon.....Thos S Burnett
Paymaster.....Ed Tisdall
Chief Engineer.....Geo F Bell
Sub-Lieutenants.....E M Shaw and F A S Farewell
Surgeon.....Wm E Breton
Asst. Paymaster.....Chas H A Ward
Engineers...Thos Russell, R S Kiernan and W W Wootton
Gunner.....Thos Murray
Boatswain.....Jno Robbins
Carpenter.....Jno Radford
Midshipmen—S V S C Messum, W E Elliot, A P Stoddard and L B Denman. *P. C. A. Nov.* 23.

WRECK OF THE BRITISH BARK ESKBANK.—The wreck of this fine vessel on Sabbath morning, November 3d, 1878, has formed the current news for the past month. She had safely brought a cargo valued at $200,000, and insured for $175,000, from England, 18,000 miles, until within five miles and in full view of our harbor, when she most unfortunately went on shore near Diamond Head, on a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning as ever dawned upon the "Sunny Isles."

A NAVAL COURT of Enquiry into the causes of the loss of the British bark *Eskbank* on the reef near Honolulu, which occurred on the 3d of the present month, was held on Saturday last, the 23d, on board H. B. M.'s Ship *Opal*, Capt. Robinson, now lying in this port. The Court consisted of Capt. Robinson, as President, two Lieutenants of the *Opal*, and Capt. Daniel Smith, an experienced ship master, the Harbor Master of the port. The finding of the Court was that the master of the *Eskbank* had shown a want of judgment in placing his ship in the position in which she was when she went ashore, and the decision was that his certificate as master mariner be suspended for one year. We learn however that the decision is not final, as the proceedings must be submitted to the Board of Trade of London. —*P. C. Advertiser, Nov. 30th.*

Information Wanted.

Miss Margeret Y. Upp, No. 204 Post street, San Francisco, writes to the American Consul at this port requesting information concerning the whereabouts of her father Adam Upp, a carpenter by trade, who came to Honolulu in Jaduary last.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—There now resides in Yokohama Mrs. M. J. Gibbs, formerly Mrs. J. Vaughn, of Honolulu. Any parties wishing for information will apply to Hawaiian Consul, L. P. Lilybridge, Esq., of Yokohama.

MARRIED.

JOHNSON—DICKSON—At Hilo, Hawaii, Oct. 8th, 1878, at the Foreign Church, by the Rev. A. O. Forbes, Mr. HENRY JOHNSON, of Kohala, to MRS. ISABELL H. DICKSON of Hilo. No Cards.

RUBURG—KAUKAMANUI—In this city, Nov. 5th, by Rev. S. C. Damon, WALTER H. RUBURG to KAUKAMANUI, both of Honolulu.

WALKER—BURD—In this city, November 16th, at St. Andrew's Cathedral, by the Rev. Alexander Mackintosh, THOMAS RAIN, eldest son of William Walker, of Hayfield, England, to MARY MATILDA, youngest daughter of the late William Burd, of Ardwick, Manchester, England.

JONES—MCSHANE.—In Wailuku, Maui, Nov 16th, by the Rev Sidney Wilbur, Mr AMOS P JONES, of Makawao, Maui, to MRS RACHEL MCSHANE, of Honolulu, Oahu.

NEWSBY—HAALOU—In this city, Nov. 29th, by Rev. S. C. Damon, LEWIS NEWSBY to HAALOU, both of Honolulu.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Oct 26—Haw Schr Avatcha, Wessels, 35 days from Petropaulski.
28—R M S S Zealandia, Chavalier, 21 days from Sydney and Auckland.
30—Am Schr Mary Swan, Jacobson, 23 days from San Francisco.
Nov 1—Haw bk R C Wylie, Rakemann, 126 days from Bremen.
1—Am ship Hamilton, 18 days from San Francisco.
2—Haw brig Elise, Permien. 20 days from San Francisco.
3—British bk Eskbank, from Glasgow
4—Am bark Lizzie Marshall, Dahler, 21 days from Port Townsend.
4—Haw brig Stormbird, Jackson, 34 days from South Seas.
4—Am schr Rosario, Douglass, 15 days from San Francisco.
4—French bark Madeliene, Pateau, 46 days from Hongkong.
5—P M S S City of New York, Cobb, 7 days and 14 hours from San Francisco.
5—Am bktne Joseph Perkins, Johnson, 26 days from Port Townsend.
10—Haw brig Onward, Smithers, from Arctic.
15—Am tern Hueneme, from Port Gamble.
17—Am bktn Discovery, Winding, 21 days fm San Fran
20—H M S Opal, Robinson, 19 days from Tahiti.
21—Am bktn Ella, Brown, 18 days from San Francisco.
22—Am bk Jenny Pitts, Sievert, — days fm Port Gamble
23—Am schr Mary Swan from Kauai
24—Bel stmr Perusia, McKirdy, from Callao
25—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, fm Sydney
27—Am bk Herbert Black, from Portland, Oregon

DEPARTURES.

Oct. 26—Am bk H W Almy from Freeman, for San Francisco
27—Ger bk Priscella, Ahrens, for San Blas.
29—R M S S Zealandia, Chavalier, for San Francisco.
29—Am schr Jos Woolley Comstock, for Guano Islands.
Nov 1—Am bk Henry Buck, Sorman, for Victoria, B C.
5—P M S City of New York, Cobb, for Sydney
5—Am bk D C Murray, Frost, for San Francisco
6—Ship Hamilton, Daly, Guano Islands.
9—Haw schrKamaile, for Fanning's Island.
12—Am bktne Joseph Perkins, Johnson, for Pt Gamble.
13—Am bktne J A Falkinburg, Hubbard, for Portland.
13—Haw schr Mana, Franck, for South Sea Islands.
14—Am bark Lizzie Marshall, Dahler, for Pt Townsend.
16—Am schr Rosario, for San Francisco
24—French bk Madeliene, Pateau, for Hongkong
25—Bel stmr Perusia, McKirdy, for Hongkong
25—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for San Fran
25—Haw brig Stormbird, Jackson, for South Sea Is
27—Am tern Hueneme, for Port Gamble
27—Am schr Mary Swan, for San Francisco
28—Am bk Herbert Black, for Hongkong

MEMORANDA.

DISASTER SHIP SUSAN.—New York Pilot boat "No. 8" fell in at sea with the wreck of a New Bedford whaler, the *Susan*, which had just left port for a long voyage. Out of a crew of 25 only 3 were left, one of whom the pilots rescued by cutting through the "bluff" of the bow and taking him out of the forcastle where he had been when the ship capsized in the gale a week ago. The North Atlantic is reported full of wrecks by incoming steamers, and this is but one disaster out of many.

REPORT OF R M S S ZEALANDIA, CHEVALIER, COMMANDER.—October 10th, at 3.35 p m, left Sydney and reached Auckland on the 14th, at midnight; and left again on the following day at 6.45 p m. Passed from E into W longitude on the 17th, and crossed the Equator on the 23d, in long 166° 18' W. Sighted Dimond Head on the 28th, at 6 a m, and received pilot at 9 a m. The weather from Sydney towards Auckland fresh westerly gale, with heavy sea; experienced for two days afterwards northwesterly and variably winds. From Auckland to Honolulu moderate trades and fine weather throughout.
R MCDONALD, Purser.

REPORT OF PMSS CITY OF NEW YORK, COBB, COMMANDER—Left San Francisco Oct 28th, at 12 M, and encountered a strong westerly gale, with high head sea, the night of Oct 31st, which lasted to the morning of the 2d inst; since that fine clear weather, with easterly wind. Arrived off pilot ground at Honolulu, Nov 5th, at 4:30 A M. Took pilot on board at 5:55 A M, and made fast to wharf at 6:50 A M. Bring for Honolulu 50 cabin passengers and 136 steerage, 107 of these being Chinese; 4,490 pkgs (254 tons) of cargo, 11 bags mail, and 13 pkgs of treasure—$22,070.

REPORT OF STMR PERUSIA, MCKIRDY, COMMANDER.—Left Callao on the evening of Nov 4th. Fine weather and smooth sea the entire passage. The Chief Engineer of the steamer, Robert McCord, died on the morning of the 23d, just off this port.

REPORT OF P M S S CITY OF SYDNEY, DEARBORN, COMMANDER.—Left Sydney Nov 8th, at 8.40 a m, having been detained 18 hours by the non-arrival of the Melbourne mail for San Francisco. Experienced fine weather and westerly winds to North Cape, thence to Auckland variable winds. Arrived at Auckland Nov 12th, at 11 a m, making the fastest passage ever made—4 days and 53 minutes from pilot to pilot. Left Auckland on the same day, at 4.15 p m. Experienced fine weather and light winds to lat 16° N; since then strong NE gales and high sea, with heavy NW swell.

PASSENGERS.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO, per H. W. Almy, Oct. 25—Catherine Engel.

FROM SAN FRANCSSCO, per Nettie Merrill, Oct. 26—Ed Smith, Carrie Smith and Geo Markham.

FROM SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, per Zealandia, Oct. 28—Mrs G Jackson and four children, G Edwards, J H Houghton, and J Straw.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO, per Zealandia, Oct. 28—Col Kitchen wife, family and nurse, T Crawford Macdowell, A Titius, C H Woolmington, Miss B Frankel, Mrs C T Rodgers, T Woodhead, T W Paul, Mrs Macauley, Col M P Robinson and wife, Wm Greig, H McIntyre, A McWayne and wife, H Hyman, L Perrot, H Will. H E Drysdale, T B Hopkins, O E Lenhart, and four Chinamen.

FOR GUANO ISLANDS, per Jos Woolley, Oct 29—J Smith, J Douglas, J Patterson, J Reed, J N Earle and 14 laborers.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, per Mary Swan, Oct. 30—S O Bruzzel, S N Hundley, F Williams and S Eaton.

FROM BREMEN, per R C Wylie, Nov, 1—Regine Koch, Meta Muller, Johanna Schluter, H Streubeck, P Jessen and Thos Peterson.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Elise, Nov 2—M Miller and seven Chinese.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Rosario, Nov 4—W B Godfrey, F Morrisy, T J Esenly, E Roe, Z R Myers, and T McGiffin.

FROM SOUTH SEAS—Per Stormbird, Nov 4—128 immigrants.

FROM HONGKONG—Per Madeliene, Nov 4—25 Chinese laborers.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per City of New York, Nov 5—Miss Hoffmann, E Hoffmann, Rev Mr Frear, Mr Lyman, Mrs Lyman, B F Farrar and wife, Mr Welch, wife and child, F H Sutton, T H Davies and son, Mrs J A Mix, Mrs L S Beckwith, Mrs S Skinner, Ching On, Miss D Clere, C E Stone, F C Havens, Dr N B Emerson, Miss M M Bird, Judge L McCully, and wife and the Misses Thayer, Miss C F Atherton and 2 servants, Dr O S Cummings, wife, 2 children and servant, H Hart and wife, R Nunes, Yien Quan and wife, H Turton, H Schlusser, wife, 2 children and 2 servants, M Crooks, Geo Macfarlane, Dr Marvin and wife, and 136 steerage.

FOR SYDNEY—Per City of New York, Nov 5—E Delemar, J Nellis.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per D C Murray, Nov 5—H Freeman, Captain Wessels, Chas Eldert, James Muller, Thos Murphy, Gilbert Waller, H M Abbott, M E Abbott.

FOR GUANO ISLANDS—Per Hamilton, Nov 6—Two native laborers.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Discovery, Nov 18—Col Norris, J D Ramsay, E Ulner, W Wenner, W R Hardy & wife, Jas Knowles, P H O'Brien, S F Shaw, W F Martin, W T McDonald.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Ella, Nov 21—J D Merrett, and 14 Chinese laborers for Princeville Plantation.

FROM CALLAO—Per Stmr Perusia, Nov 25—E Bielenberg, Ho Kai, H Bentick, F D A Masquez, and 164 passengers in transitu for China.

FOR CHINA—Per Stmr Perusia, Nov 25—Mrs M E Gibbs and child, and 17 Chinese.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per City of Sydney, Nov 25—Capt C R Smithers, Capt B Dexter, wife and child, F C Havens, G E McGuire, M Crooks, Miss A E Newell, Miss M Pittman, Miss R L Durfee, Mrs A F Dixon, and child, M J Feria, J Schneider, W F McElnay, L A Guilty, E Anderson, Lukai, W Kaehu, Jas Keeler, Ah Young, Sam Hing.

FROM SYDNEY—Per City of Sydney, Nov 25—Mrs Wrigler F C Sutton, A Bruck, H Robinson, A Wilson, M Roberts wife and child, and 28 in transitu for San Francisco.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Mary Swan, Nov 27—R McKinnon.

DIED.

HUGHES—In this city, at the Queen's Hospital, October 2d, BARNARD HUGHES, who came a passenger from San Francisco about the 1st of September. He was an invalid, suffering from consumption. He reported that his mother, Mrs. Catharine Hughes, resided at 18 Eldon Place, Berkenhead, near Liverpool. He was a beneficiary of the Ladies' Stranger's Friend Society.

ARMSTRONG—At Stockbridge, Mass., Oct. 10th, EMMA WALKER, wife of Gen. S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton, Va.

BROWN—In this city, on the 9th of Nov., MALCOLM BRUCE BROWN, eldest son of J. H. Brown, aged 7 years and 8 months.

FOLEY—In this city, Nov. 11, JOHN FOLEY, a native of Bandon, county of Cork, Ireland, aged 68. He had been a resident of these Islands for 30 years.

WATSON—At Koolau, Oahu, Nov. 13, JOHN WATSON, a native of Wales, aged 68. A resident of the Islands for 30 years.

BUTTLES—At the Queen's Hospital, November 17th, after an illness of six weeks, MALONE E. BUTTLES, aged 27 years, a native of Ohio. Deceased had been a resident of these islands for about nine months. Colorado papers please copy.

SHELDON.—In this city, November 22d, EVELINE KALEILUHIA, youngest child of John and Amy Sheldon, aged 15 months.

ATHERTON.—In this city, Nov 26th, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Gilman, Miss CAROLINE F ATHERTON, aged 57 years, formerly of Boston, but who has, for several years, been a resident of this city. She arrived June 30, 1866. During the earlier years of her residence, she was most usefully engaged in teaching, first with M. E. Beckwith, Esq., in the Vestry of Fort Street Church, and subsequently in private schools, and in that of the government. Her long experience and peculiar fitness, eminently qualified her to instruct the young, and many are the young people who will remember her instruction. She was a lady of decided Christian character and earnest convictions, and for many years witnessed a good profession of her faith in Christ. In whatever community or society her lot was cast, it was well known that her sympathies and influence were found on the right side. Her loss will not only be felt among her immediate family circle, but among a wide circle of friends here and elsewhere.

American National Thanksgiving Hymn.

Almighty Lord of glory!
Our praise to Him we bring.
And chant our country's story
Where God alone is King.
His outstretched arm sustaining,
Behold the May Flower come!
His mercy foreordaining
Our land for Freedom's home.

Though wintry darkness gathers
And dearth and death prevail,
The faithful Pilgrim Fathers
Could look within the veil:
Oh! joy amid the sadness!
They're free to do and pray,
And keep, in sober gladness,
Their first Thanksgiving Day.

These seeds of faith and freedom
God's Word hath wafted free;
O'or rocks outsoaring Edom
They reach the sunset sea,
And East and West uniting,
One family become:
With North and South relighting
One lamp—WE ARE ALL AT HOME!

With half of heaven above us,
An ocean on each hand,
We've room for all who love us
And join our brother-band.
Praising the great All-Giver,
Our home feast we display,
And through the years forever
Keep free Thanksgiving Day.

In palace and in prison
Our Festival is one,
The witness Christ is risen
Good will for men begun.
Our hearts one hope rejoices,
Our souls in concert pray,
'Mid songs of choral voices—
God bless Thanksgiving Day!

The Author of the above Hymn.

The author of this highly appropriate hymn is the well known writer and editor, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, of Philadelphia, now in her ninety-first year. This and many other interesting facts relating to this venerable and esteemed writer, we learn from the New York *Observer* of Oct. 24th. She is a native of New Port, N. H., born Oct. 24th, 1788. Left a widow in early life, and with three children depending upon her, she betook herself to successful authorship, and for half a century has been an editor, residing in Philadelphia, and for most of that period conducted the *Ladies' Book*. She first edited the *Ladies' Magazine* in Boston, commencing in 1827, which was merged, in 1837, into the *Ladies' Book*, of Philadelphia, when she removed to that city where she has continued ever since to reside. In 1846 she suggested to the President of the United States the propriety of a National Thanksgiving, but he feared it would be too great an innovation. The writer of this notice in the *Observer*, Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford, claims that Mrs. Hale's perseverance finally achieved the point of inducing the authorities at Washington to appoint a National Day for Thanksgiving. This was first done, we believe, by President Lincoln. This hymn, which we now print, was written by Mrs. Hale six years ago, at the age of eighty-four. Long may she live to be honored and beloved.

Letter of Prince Bismarck, to His Wife.

During the past few months, we have been receiving the successive Weekly Nos. of the London *Literary World*, containing, "Choice Readings from the best New Books and Critical Reviews." In the No. for October 4th, we have met with a review of Prince Bismarck's letters to his wife, his sister and others, translated from the German, and published in London. Among these letters, we copy the following addressed to his wife, the day after the ever memorable battle of Sedan:

VENDRESSE, Sept. 3, 1870.

MY DEAR HEART—I left my present quarters before early dawn the day before yesterday, came back to-day, and have in the meantime witnessed the great battle of Sedan, in which we made about 30,000 prisoners, and threw the remainder of the French army, which we have been pursuing since Bar-le Duc, into the fortress, where they had to surrender themselves, along with the Emperor, prisoners of war. Yesterday morning at five o'clock, after I had been negotiating until one o'clock a. m. with Moltke and the French generals about the capitulation to be concluded, I was awakened by General Reille, with whom I am acquainted, to tell me that Napoleon wished to speak with me. Unwashed and unbreakfasted, I rode towards Sedan, found the Emperor in an open carriage, with three aides-de camp and three in attendance on horseback, halted on the road before Sedan. I dismounted, saluted him just as politely as at the Tuileries, and asked for his commands. He wished to see the King; I told him, as the truth was, that his Majesty had his quarters fifteen miles away, at the spot where I am now writing. In answer to Napoleon's question where he should go to, I offered him, as I was not acquainted with the country, my own quarters at Donchery, small place in the neighborhood, close by Sedan. He accepted, and drove, accompanied by his six Frenchmen, by me and by Carl (who, in the meantime, had ridden after me) through the lonely morning towards our lines. Before coming to the spot, he began to hesitate on account of the possible crowd, and he asked me if he could alight in a lonely cottage by the wayside; I had it inspected by Carl, who brought word it was mean and dirty. "*N'importe*," said N., and I ascended with him a ricketty, narrow staircase. In an apartment of ten feet square, with a deal table and two rush-bottomed chairs, we sat for an hour, the others were below. A powerful contrast with our last meeting in the Tuileries in '67. Our conversation was a difficult thing, if I wanted to avoid touching on topics which could not but affect painfully the man whom God's mighty hand had cast down. I had sent Carl to fetch officers from the town, and to beg Moltke to come. We then sent one of the former to reconnoitre, and discovered, two and a-half miles off, in Fresnois, a small chateau situated in a park. Thither I accompanied him with an escort of the cuirassier regiment of life-guards, which had meantime been brought up, and there we concluded with the French general-in-chief, Wimpffen, the capitulation, by virtue of which 40 to 60,000 Frenchmen, I do not know it accurately at present, with all they possess, became our prisoners. Yesterday and the day before cost France 100,000 men and an Emperor. This morning the latter, with all his suite, horses, and carriages, started for Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel.

It is an event of great weight in the world's history, a victory for which we will humbly thank the Almighty, and which decides the war, even if we have to carry it on against France shorn of her Emperor.

I must conclude. With heartfelt joy I learnt from yours and Maria's letters that Herbert has arrived among you. Bill I spoke to yesterday, as already telegraphed, and embraced him from horseback in his Majesty's presence, while he stood motionless in the ranks. He is very healthy and happy. I saw Hans and Fritz Carl, both Bülows in the 2nd dragoon guards, well and cheerful.

Good-bye, my heart; love to the children.
Your v. B.

☞ The liquor bill of Great Britain in 1877 was about $750,000,000, growing with frightful rapidity, while every other trade is suffering extreme depression, and while immense numbers of the people are without employment, and almost without food and other absolute necessaries of life. The liquor traffic in Great Britain is increasing much more rapidly than the population, with all the tremendous evils resulting from it—poverty, pauperism, suffering and crime—with the enormous taxation upon the community growing out of these things.

☞ The *New York Observer* in relation to the effect of the prohibitory law in Maine, says:

In the State of Maine the poor-houses, jails and penitentiaries are almost vacant; taxes are very light; during the year, while every other State in the Union has suffered from financial depression and decrease in the valuation of property, in Maine the valuation of the property of the State has been steadily on the increase; drunkenness is almost unknown in parts of the State; the attendance at school is larger in proportion to the population than in any other State. What is the cause? Simply a prohibitory law backed by a proper public sentiment.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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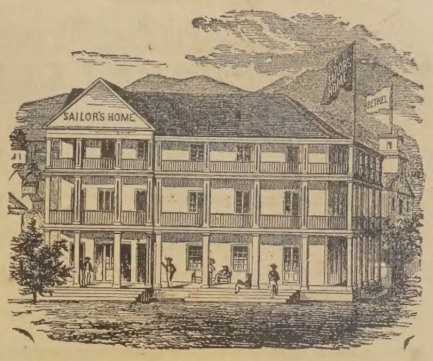

ED. DUNSCOMBE,

Honlulu, January 1, 1875. *Manager.*

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Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The Old Man in the Stylish Church.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day—been to a stylish one—
And seeing you can't go from home, I'll tell you what was done;
You would have been surprised to see what I saw there to-day;
The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly bowed to pray.

I had on these coarse clothes of mine—not much the worse for wear—
But, then, they knew I wasn't one they call a millionaire;
So they led the old man to a seat away back by the door;
'Twas bookless and uncushioned, *a reserved seat for the poor.*

Pretty soon in came a stranger with gold rings and clothing fine,
They led him to a cushioned seat far in advance of mine;
I thought that was'nt exactly right to seat him up so near,
When he was young and I was old, and very hard to hear.

But there's no accountin' for what some people do,
The finest clothing nowadays, oft gets the finest pew;
But when we reach the blessed home, and, undefiled by sin,
We'll see wealth begging at the gate, while poverty goes in.

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Then why should man look down on man because of lack of gold?
Why send him in the poorest pew because his clothes are old?
A heart with nobler motives—a heart that God has blest—
May be beatin' heaven's music 'neath that faded coat and vest.

I'm old—I may be childish—but I love simplicity;
I love to see it shinin' in a Christian's piety;
Jesus told us in His sermon, in Judea's mountain wild,
He that wants to go to heaven must be like a little child.

Our heads are growing gray, dear wife—our hearts are beating slow—
In a little while the Master will call for us to go;
When we reach the pearly gateways, and look in with joyful eyes,
We'll see no stylish worship in the temple of the skies.

The Thanksgiving Day Sermon

By Rev. Mr. Jones, now Principal at Punahou, contained much that was worthy of consideration. There was no spread-eagleism about it, but an earnest pressing upon the attention of his hearers the fact that without resolute effort the descendants of pioneers are likely to deteriorate, if not physically, yet mentally, morally and religiously, and especially in a country like this. We would remark that our care now is for the third generation—the second is making its mark, such as it is.

As members of the second generation however many of us may well ask ourselves the question—Is our religious character as finely tempered as that of those who have gone before? It may be more finished, engraved, chased or whatever we may call it, but is it as true steel? It may be broader and more liberal, but is it as deep? Does the religious culture keep its proportion to the general culture?

We cannot get any one here to sit down and prepare a finished lecture on any subject, for our community to come and listen to. Partly because our men who can do that have their hands full already. Partly because the critical capacity here is greater than the producing capacity.

What could be done however would be for one and another to communicate in a free and easy way what they know in their especial departments, and have experienced in practical life. For instance why should not a merchant give some of his experience as a business man; post up his audience on the ways of trade? Or a lawyer tell us of his progression? Let some of the skippers only enlarge their audiences, and they will not fail to interest. A man always talks freely upon what he thoroughly understands.

It is hoped that we have not arrived at the state which might be termed that of fastidious nonentity. A state this which may exist in religious circles as well as in literary. How much of the Divine Spirit, is needed to keep even prayer meetings from partaking of this.

Is there any sarcasm in the first half of the following, from President Hopkins' remarks at the annual meeting of American Board?

When Solomon went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, that was according to the law of the survival of the fittest. The thorns were fittest to survive as compared with the vines, and the strongest nettles as compared with other nettles. As compared with wheat, thistles—Canada thistles—are fittest to survive, and cockle as compared with barley. It may indeed be plausibly said that the things best fitted for the use of man are least fitted to survive. The finest fruits need the most care. Of all grains wheat is best fitted for food, and probably least fitted to survive. No one knows where it is indigenous, and, left to itself, it would soon perish from the earth. It has a natural tendency to survive owing to its environments, but that needs to be supplemented by the intelligence and the toil of man. To us it would seem that that which is fittest for the use of man should be fittest to survive. But in this, nature seems to be at cross-purposes with herself; and thus do we find, wrought into her very constitution, and proclaimed by science, the elements of that primeval curse, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Aside from supernetural intervention, Christianty was, of all known or conceivable religions, least fitted to survive. It had not a single element that the world reckons on for influence. It began in a stable. It was laid in a manger. Place yourselves by the side of that. Follow the infant in his flight into Egypt; in his return to a remote part of a conquered province, and to a disreputable town. See him, without letters, at work as a carpenter. At the age of thirty see him traveling about the country on foot as a teacher, with a few peasant followers. After only three years see him apprehended, tried, cendemned as a malefactor by both Jews and Romans. See him hanging on the cross between two thieves. See him laid in the tomb with a great stone over its mouth, sealed with the seal of authority, and a watch set. Christianity was there. It was in that tomb. Not a person living fully understood it. The words spoken had been dispersed in the air, and no record of them had been left. I ask you if imagination can add a single circumstance to heighten the improbability that a world-wide religion would spring from such a source?

Father Chiniquy again.—In our issue of October, we noticed the fact that some unknown person, about twenty years ago, had sent him a donation of $100. Under date of Nov. 5th, the Rev. T. Coan thus writes from Hilo: "When we, in Hilo, heard of his sore trials in Canada, and of his exodus at the head of 5,000 people to find praise and an asylum in one of our western states we resolved immediately to express our sympathy with the sufferers, by sending a trifle of material help—$100—raised in the native Church in about as short time as it takes to write this letter." From copies of the Sydney *Herald* and *Witness*, received by last steamer, we learn that Father Chiniquy is lecturing to large audiences and creating a great excitement. We copy the following from the *Herald:*

Pastor Chiniquy delivered his third lecture to-night. Canon Smith occupied the chair. The rain fell heavily, but there was a tolerably large audience. Mrs. Constable is announced to lecture here on Tuesday in relation to Pastor Chiniquy.

Rev. James Gardner.—This gentlemen connected with the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and belonging to Edinburgh, passed in the last Australian steamer having been on a visit to the Colonies, he having a brother, Pastor of one of the city Churches of Sydney, the Rev. Andrew Gardner.